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the mighty **THOR**

GUEST-STARRING
X-FACTOR...
OR WHAT'S LEFT
OF THEM!



STAN LEE PRESENTS *the* MIGHTY THOR

LONG AGO, FAR BENEATH THE STREETS OF MANHATTAN, A SERIES OF TUNNELS WERE BUILT, ABANDONED, AND EVENTUALLY FORGOTTEN.

IN TIME, THE MORLOCKS, A CLAN OF MUTANTS, TOOK UP RESIDENCE IN THE EMPTY CATACOMBS AND LIVED THERE IN SECRET.

BUT NOW, THE SECRET IS OUT. SOMEONE IS KILLING THE MORLOCKS...

...AND THE MIGHTY THOR, GOD OF THUNDER, IS FACE TO FACE WITH THREE OF THE ASSASSINS!

IT SEEMS THAT MUTANTS AREN'T THE ONLY ONES THE ASSASSINS ARE INTERESTED IN KILLING!

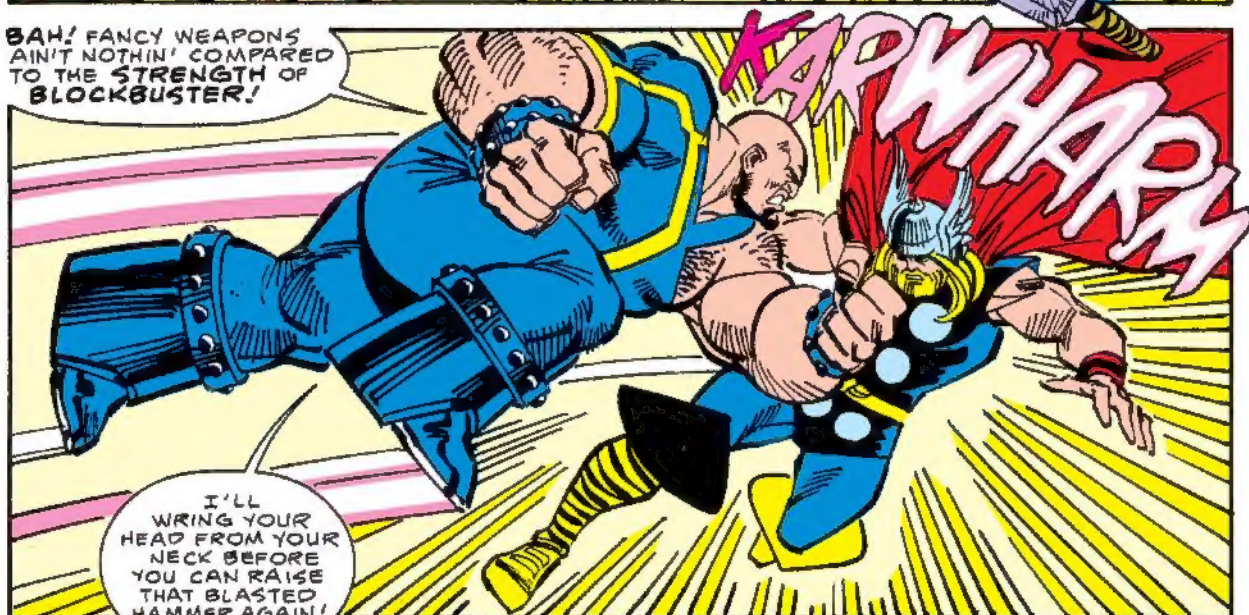
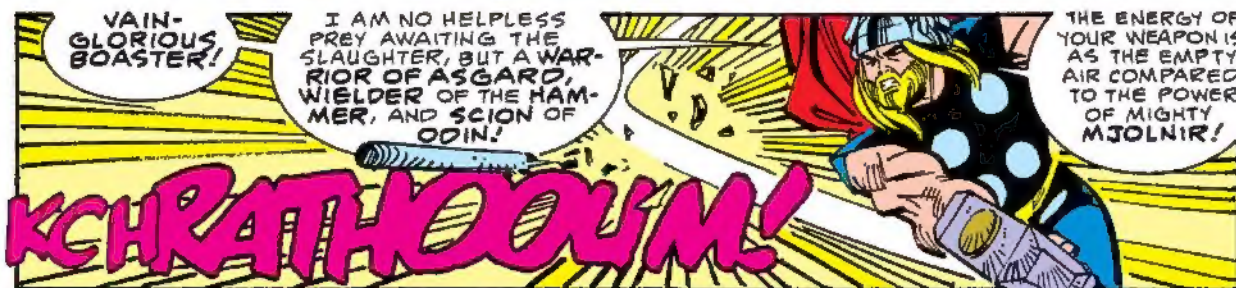
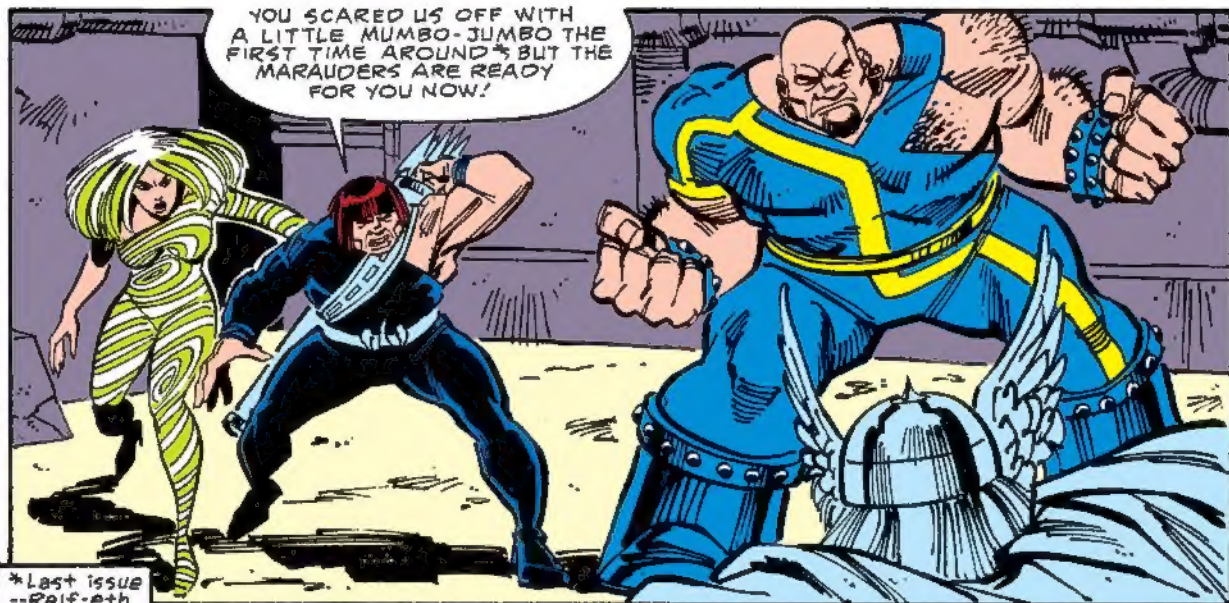
HEADS UP, GOLDILOCKS! 'CAUSE THIS TIME THEY'RE GONNA BE CARRYIN' YOU OUT FEET FIRST!

FIRES OF THE NIGHT!

WRITING...
WALTER SIMONSON
DRAWING...
SAL BUSCEMA

LETTERING...
JOHN WORKMAN
COLORING...
MAX SCHEEL

EDITING...
RALPH MACCHIO
EDITING IN CHIEF...
JIM SHOOTER





YOU HAD BEST MOVE MORE QUICKLY IF YOU EXPECT TO WRITE THOR'S EPITAPH.

NO FORCE OF MORTAL MAN CAN STAY MY HAND OR THE POWER OF MY HAMMER!

WHRAACKKK!



ARRGHH! VERTIGO! QUICK! ZAP HIM!

THAT'S ENOUGH FROM YOU, HANDSOME, WHEN I'M FINISHED WITH YOU, YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO STAND UP, LET ALONE LIFT YOUR HAMMER!



DIZZINESS ASSAILS ME FROM EVERY QUARTER!

AND IF I FALL, THEN SURELY MY FOES WILL OVERCOME ME!

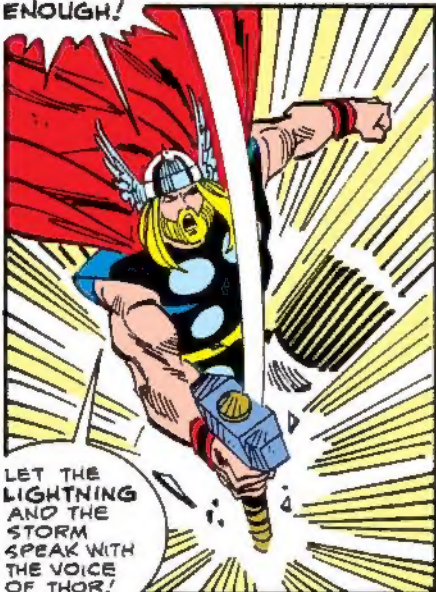
A VORTEX SPUN BY MJOLNIR MAY REVERSE THE EFFECTS OF, VERTIGO'S ATTACK!

LET FIRE FIGHT FIRE! ARE YOU PROOF AGAINST YOUR OWN POWER, LADY?



OHHHHH!

I'M LOSING MY BALANCE!



ENOUGH!

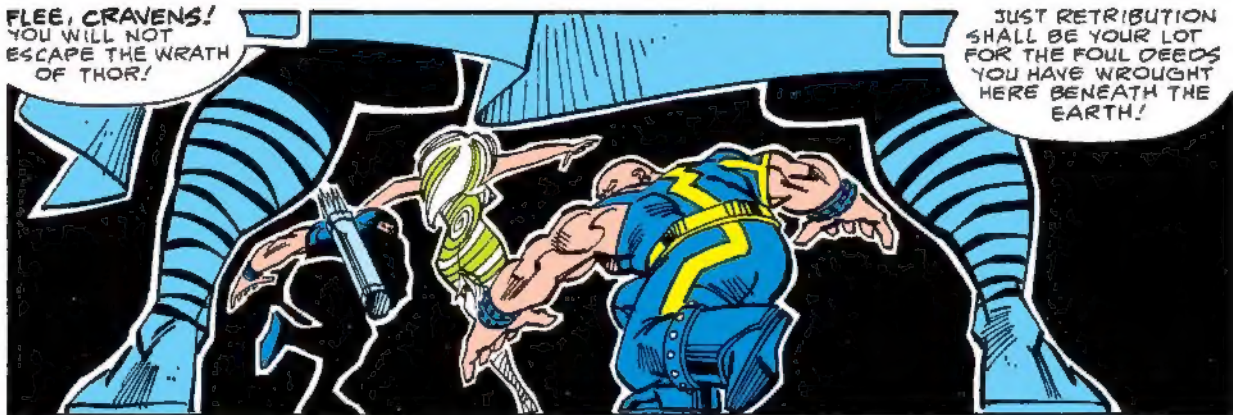
LET THE LIGHTNING AND THE STORM SPEAK WITH THE VOICE OF THOR!



BARRRRROUM

THE HEAT! I CAN'T STAND IT!

LEE, CRAVENS!
YOU WILL NOT
ESCAPE THE WRATH
OF THOR!



JUST RETRIBUTION
SHALL BE YOUR LOT
FOR THE FOUL DEEDS
YOU HAVE WROUGHT
HERE BENEATH THE
EARTH!

BUT WHAT
OF THEIR
LATEST
VICTIM?



UHHHHH.

HE SEEMS
DIFFERENT
FROM THE
SCORES OF DEAD
I HAVE SEEN
WITHIN THE
TUNNELS. YET
HIS FEATURES
ARE VAGUELY
FAMILIAR.

HE
WEARS THE
TATTERED
REMAINS OF
A UNIFORM
AND BEARS
THE WOUNDS
OF RECENT
BATTLE

HE WAS NOT
GOING QUIETLY
TO HIS DEATH
AS OTHERS THE
MARAUDERS
HAVE SLAIN
HERE.



HIS WOUNDS
ARE
GRAVE,
HIS HEAD
FEVER-
ISH.

THOUGH
I AM NO
LONGER
THE MORTAL
DOCTOR
AS I ONCE
WAS, EVEN
A BLIND MAN
WOULD KNOW
THAT THE
NEED FOR
MEDICAL AT-
TENTION IS
URGENT!

UHHHH, IS
ARTIE SAFE?
DID... HE
MAKE IT?

I DO
NOT
UNDER-
STAND
THY
QUES-
TION.

I GUESS
HE DIDN'T.
I... CAN'T
SEEM TO
GET ANY-
THING
RIGHT
ANYMORE.



JUST LEAVE
ME ALONE
... LET ME DIE.

THE WILL TO
LIVE IS VITAL
IF HE IS TO
SURVIVE HIS
INJURIES.



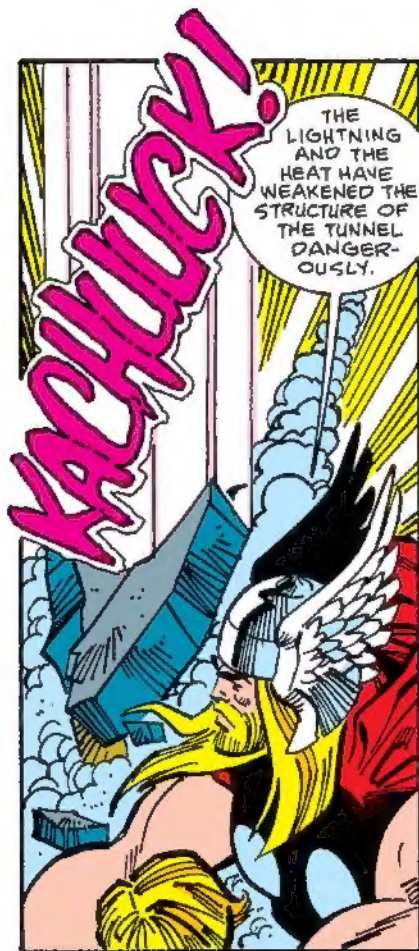
THE DOCTOR
I ONCE WAS
DEMANDS THAT
I SUCCOR HIS
NEEDS, BUT THE
VIKING WARRIOR
IS NOT SO SURE.

HE HAS GIVEN
HIS ALL IN BATTLE AND
VALHALLA WOULD BE HIS REWARD IN MY
WORLD. SHOULD I DENY HIM HIS
DYING WISH IN THIS ONE?

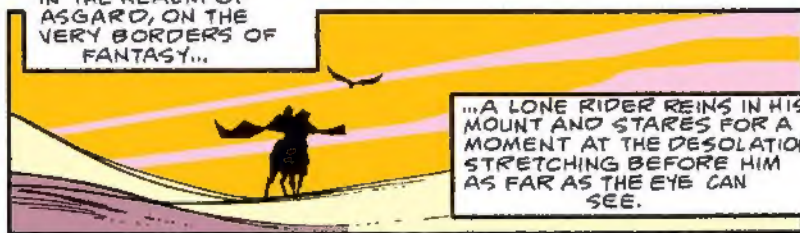
SCHRIIRIIK



EH?



COME, MY WINGED FRIEND. DYING OR NOT, I CANNOT LEAVE YOU HERE IN THE BLACKNESS TO PERISH ALONE AND UNHERALDED.



"...BUT AN ANSWER
IS NOT LONGER
IN COMING..."

SCRRROOUM

STEADY,
SILVER-
HOOF

WE HAVE NOT
TRAVELED ALL THIS
WEARY WAY FROM ASGARD
TO QUAIL BEFORE THE
VERY THING WE SEEK WHEN
IT GRANTS OUR REQUEST.

YES, MUNINN. WE
HAVE FOUND THE
OBJECT OF OUR
SEARCH*

CANW! CANW!

*began last
issue -- RM

YOU HAVE COURAGE,
LITTLE GOD, TO STAND
BOLDLY BEFORE THE
SLAYER OF SO MANY
LITTLE GODS.

WHAT
DO YOU
WISH?

I WISH
TO SPEAK
WITH YOU.

EVEN KNOWING
THAT MERELY TO
SPEAK TO ME MAY BE
ENOUGH TO CHANGE
THE COURSE OF
YOUR VERY LIFE?

WE
ARE ALL OF
US IN THE
HANDS OF
FATE. EVEN
THE GODS.

WYRD BIDS
THEE WELCOME,
GENTLE
BALDER.

FEW INDEED
WEAR THE TOKENS
OF THE SISTERS OF
FATE AND FEWER
STILL HAVE EVER
RETURNED TO SEEK
A SECOND
AUDIENCE.*

*Balder met
the fates a
long time
back, gentle
readers
-- Gentle
Ralf

NECESSITY
COMPELLED
MY JOURNEY,
MY LADY.

I HAVE COME TO
ASK A FAVOR. ONE
WHICH ONLY THE
FATES THEM-
SELVES CAN
GRANT.

THE FATES ARE
NOTORIOUSLY PICKLE,
BUT WE CANNOT
REFUSE THE UNSELFISH
REQUEST OF BALDER
THE SHINING WHO
WEARS THE WHITE
TOKEN.

BUT BEWARE,
MY BRAVE.
WYRD MAY ONE
DAY ASK THAT
THE FAVOR BE
RETURNED.

THIS IS WHAT YOU
HAVE COME FOR, IS
IT NOT? A VIAL OF
WATER FROM THE
WELL OF LIFE
ITSELF?

USE IT WISELY.
SUCH A GIFT
CANNOT BE
GIVEN
TWICE.

BUT--
HOW DID
YOU
KNOW?

DID YOU YOURSELF
NOT SAY, "THE BURN-
ING GAZE OF UN-
BLINKING EYES THAT
SEE EVERYTHING,"
BALDER?

AND THE FATE
OF BALDER IS OF
SPECIAL INTEREST
TO THE WATCHING
EYES OF THE THREE
SISTERS.

WHEN THE RAVEN,
MUNINN, RETURNED
TO ASGARD FROM
THE DEPTHS OF
MUSPELHEIM, HE
CAME ALONE.

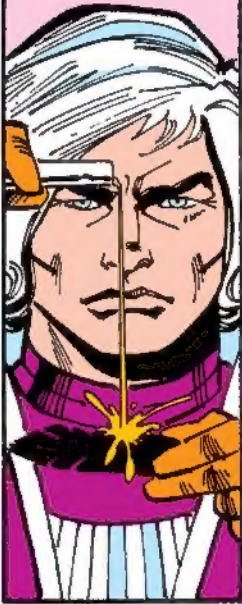
HIS
BROTHER,
HUGINN, DID
NOT RETURN.

BUT MUNINN
BROUGHT A SINGLE
FEATHER BACK FROM
THAT LAND OF
FIRE.*

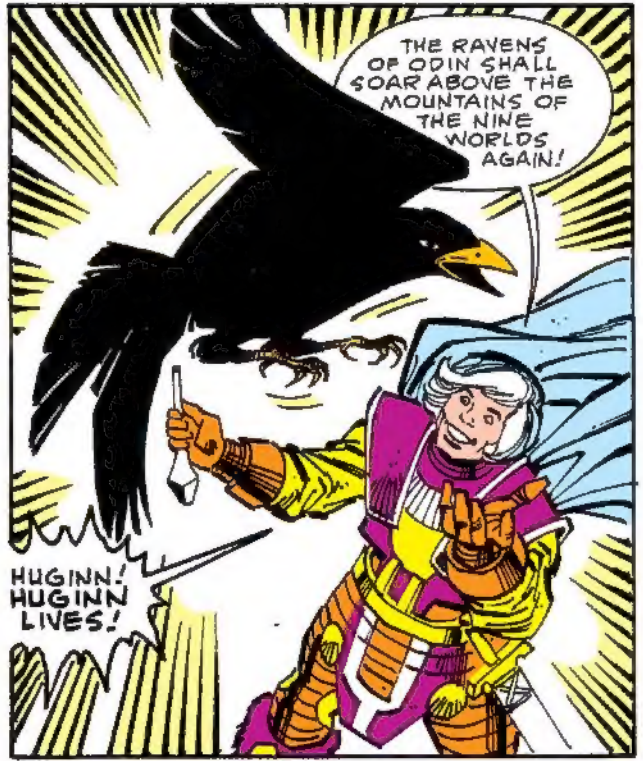
AND WHEN
MUNINN GAVE
ME THE FEATHER,
I THOUGHT OF
WYRD'S WELL
OF LIFE.

long ago and far away
--THOR 344--RM.

IT'S
DONE!



THE FEATHER
GLOWS! IT
TREMBLES IN MY
HAND LIKE A
LIVING THING!



THE RAVENS
OF ODIN SHALL
SOAR ABOVE THE
MOUNTAINS OF
THE NINE
WORLDS
AGAIN!

HUGINN!
HUGINN
LIVES!

MY LADY
WYRD, FROM
THE BOTTOM
OF MY HEART,
I THANK--

MY
LADY?

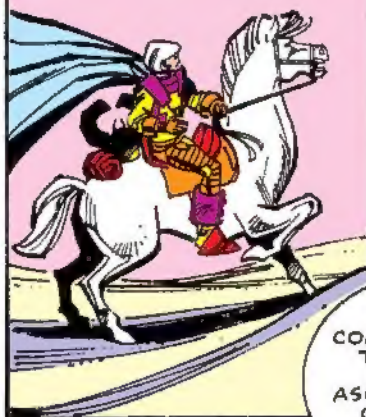


GONE
LIKE THE
WIND ACROSS
THE SANDS.

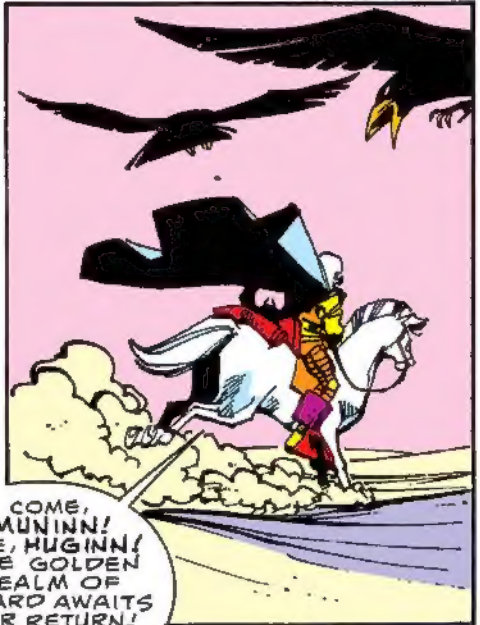
AND YET, I
THINK SHE
ALREADY KNOWS
MY THOUGHT.

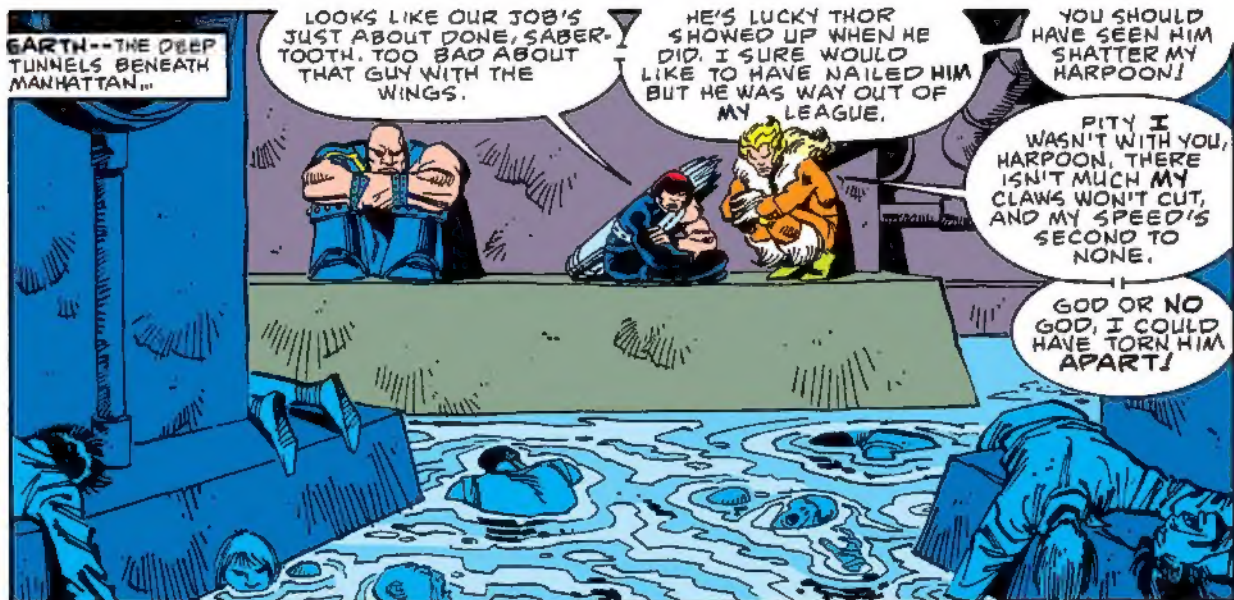


MY THANKS,
LADY, WHEREVER
YOU MAY BE. THE
GRATITUDE OF
BALDER IS
THINE.



COME,
MUNINN!
COME, HUGINN!
THE GOLDEN
REALM OF
ASGARD AWAITS
OUR RETURN!





OF COURSE, OUR TEAM DOES HAVE A STRONGMAN ON IT, BUT I SUPPOSE HE JUST WASN'T UP TO IT.

GOOD ENOUGH FOR MORLOCKS MAYBE, BUT NOT FOR A GOD, OR WHATEVER THOR REALLY IS.

BUT IT'S TOUGH TO GET GOOD HELP.

RIGHT, BLOCK-BUSTER?

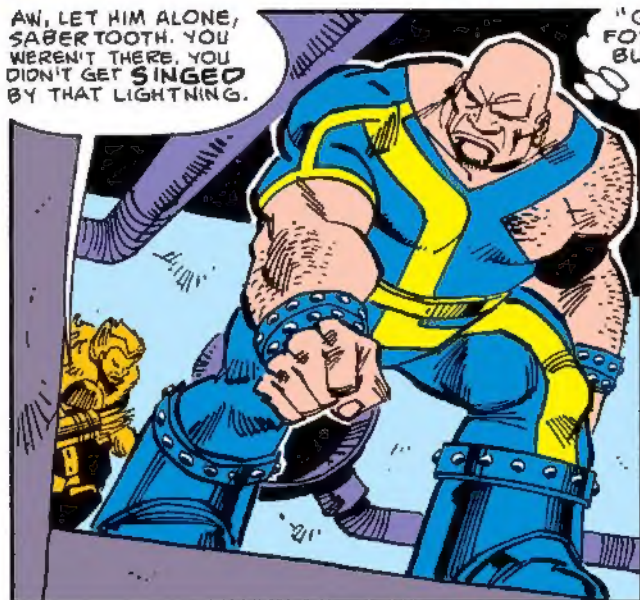


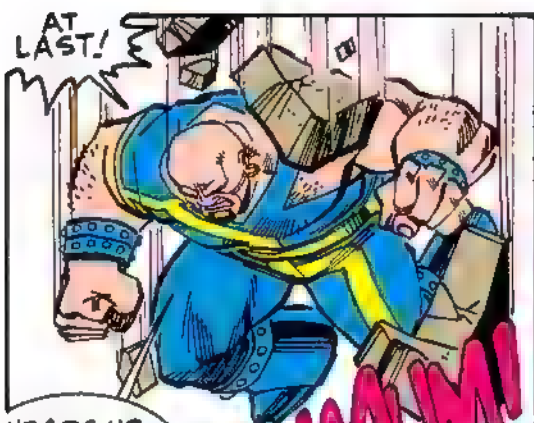
AW, LET HIM ALONE, SABER-TOOTH. YOU WEREN'T THERE, YOU DIDN'T GET SINGED BY THAT LIGHTNING.

"GOOD ENOUGH FOR MORLOCKS, BUT NOT FOR A GOD," SIMP!

AND THEN I'M GONNA COME BACK, MR. SMART GUY, AND TAKE YOU APART, CLAW BY CLAW!

I'M GONNA FIND GOLD-LOCKS AND WRING HIS NECK LIKE I PROMISED!



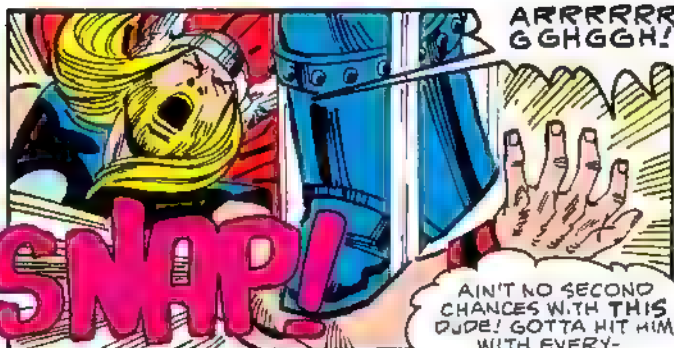


AT LAST!

HEADS UP, CHUMP! I AIN'T BLOWIN' IT THIS TIME!

SKRUAAAM!

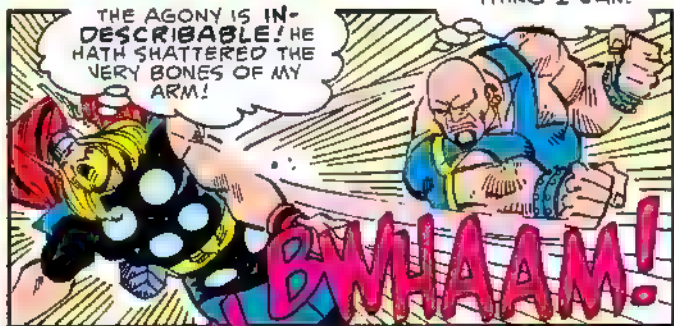
RUN, LITTLE ONE! THIS FOE IS BEYOND YOU!



ARRRRRR GGGGGH!

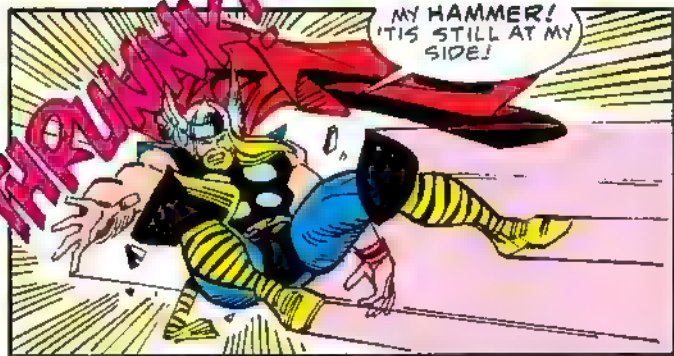
SNAP!

AIN'T NO SECOND CHANCES WITH THIS DUDE! GOTTA HIT HIM WITH EVERYTHING I CAN!



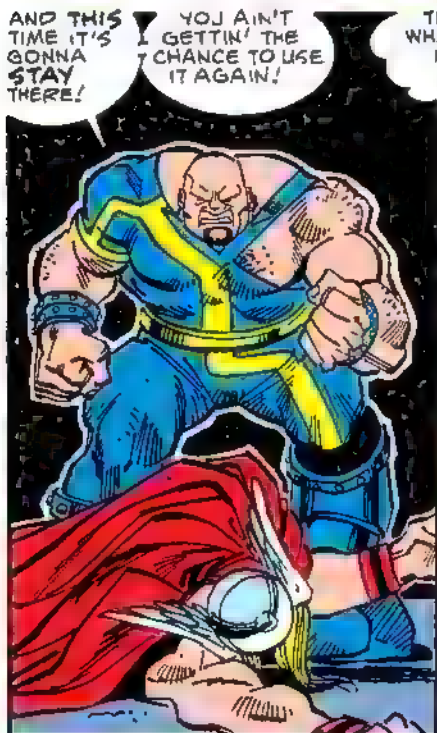
THE AGONY IS INDESCRIBABLE! HE HATH SHATTERED THE VERY BONES OF MY ARM!

BWHAAM!



MY HAMMER! IT'S STILL AT MY SIDE!

THUNK!



AND THIS TIME IT'S GONNA STAY THERE!

YOU AIN'T GETTIN' THE CHANCE TO USE IT AGAIN!

THAT... NOISE. WHAT... WHAT'S HAPPENING?

THE GIANT WHO HELPED PIN ME TO THE WALL*! HE'S... ABOUT TO KILL SOMEBODY ELSE!



*18ct ish --RM



NO MATTER WHAT THE COST, I CAN'T LET HIM DO IT! NOT WHILE I STILL DRAW BREATH!

MY WINGS CAN'T
CARRY MY WEIGHT,
BUT I WON'T BE
DOING ANY MORE
FLYING ANYWAY!

HUH?

WELL, WADDYA
KNOW, THE WINGED
WONDER IS BACK!

SHOULDA PLAYED
DEAD, CHUCKLE-
HEAD! MAYBE IF I
RIP OUT A FEW
MORE OF YER
FEATHERS, YOU'LL
GET A LITTLE
SMARTER!

AAAAAAA
GGGGGG!

A MOMENT'S
RESPITE HAS
REVIVED ME,
BUT AT WHAT
COST?

NOW MUST
COME THE
MOMENT OF
RECKONING!

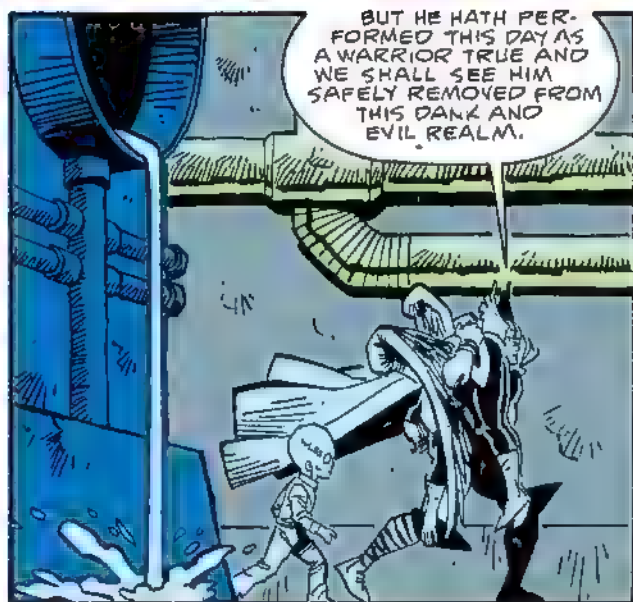
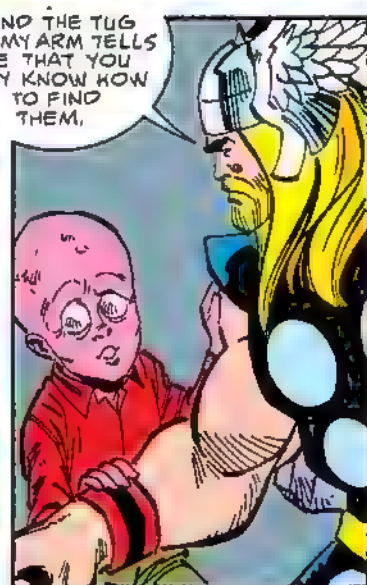
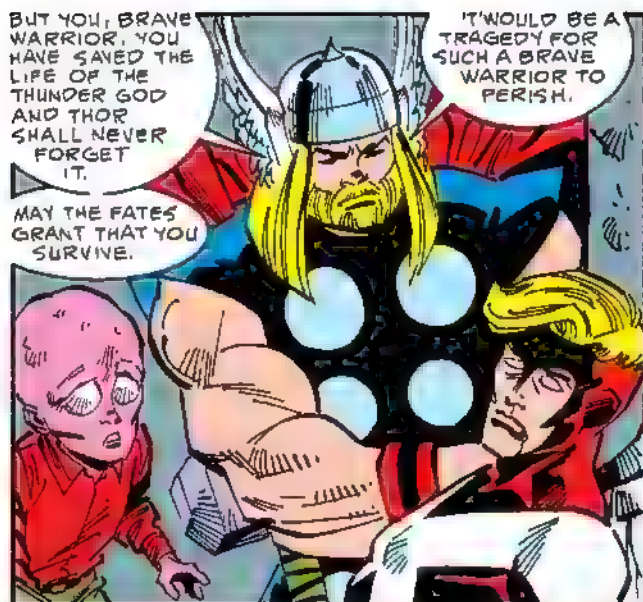
BLOCKBUSTER!
MINION OF EVIL!
TURN AND FACE THE
SON OF ODIN!

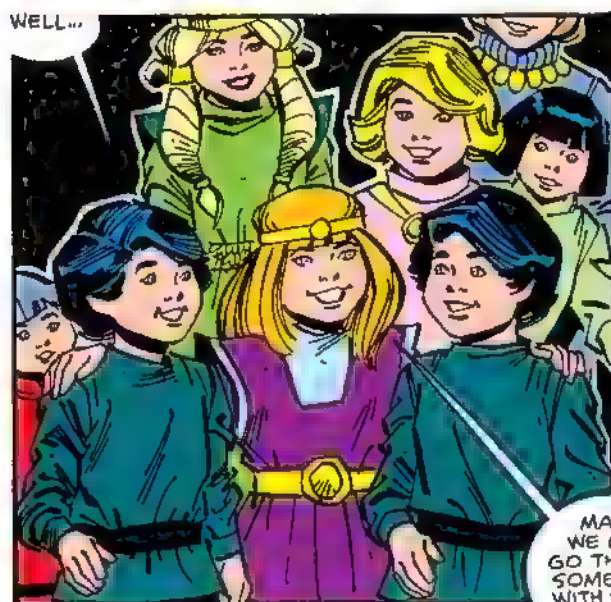
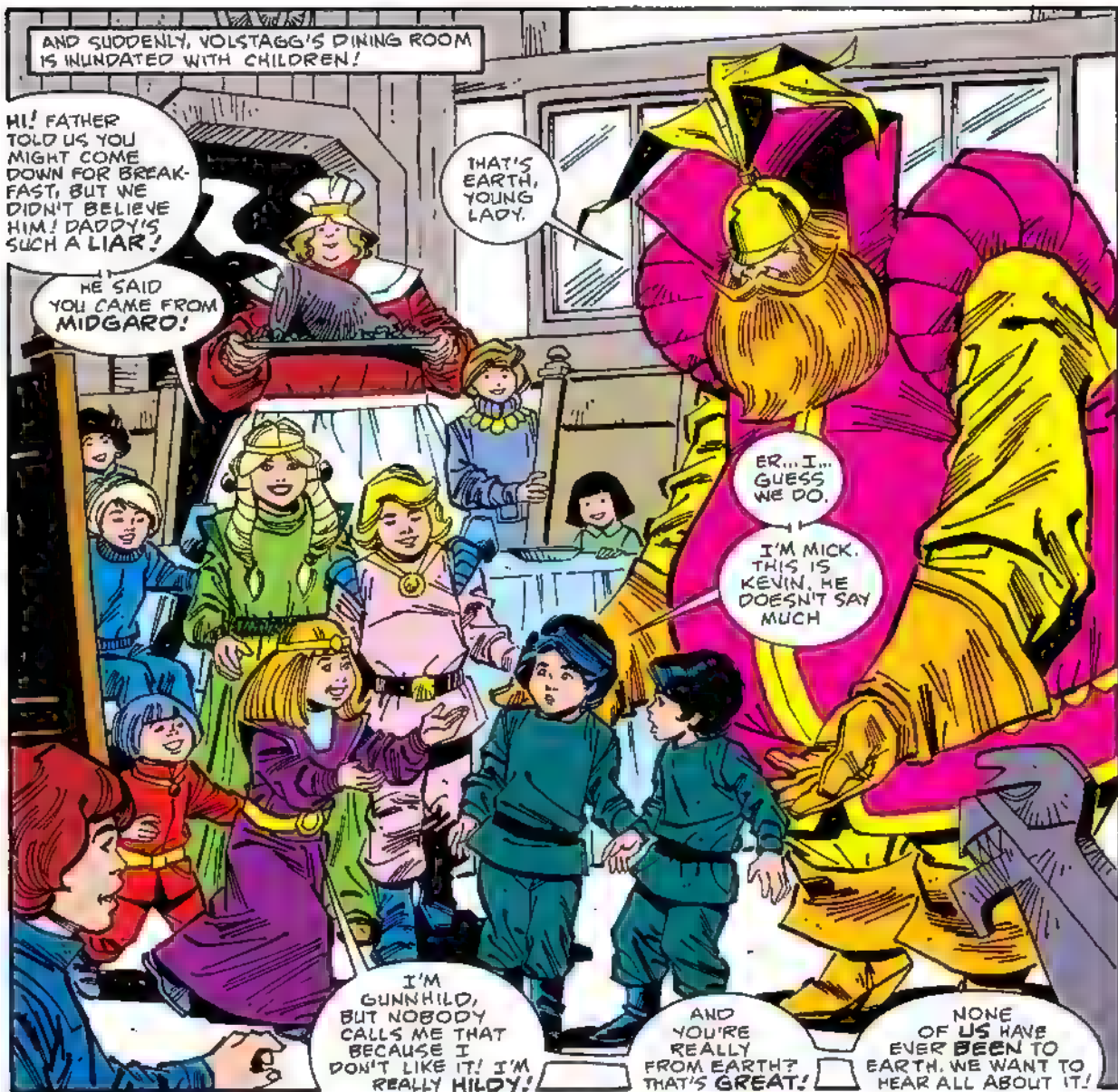
EVERYBODY'S COMIN'
BACK FROM THE DEAD
TODAY! I'LL TAKE CARE
OF YOU IN A SECOND,
GOLDILOCKS!

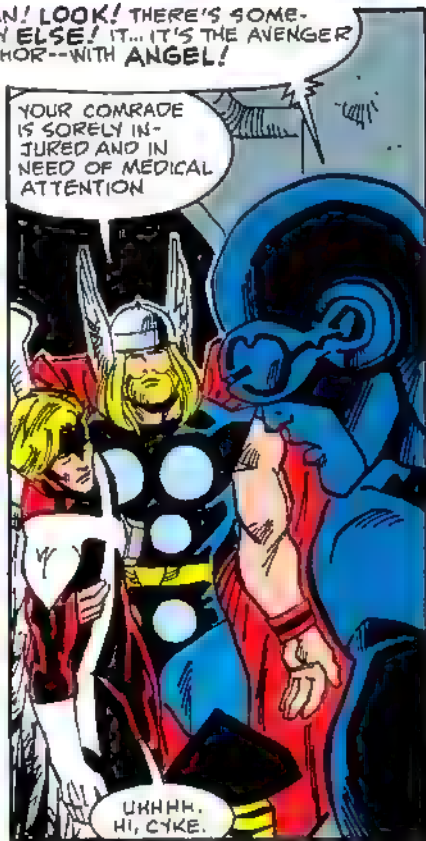
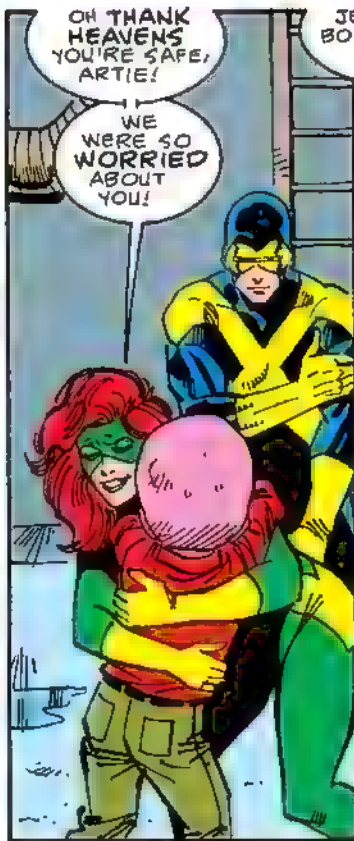
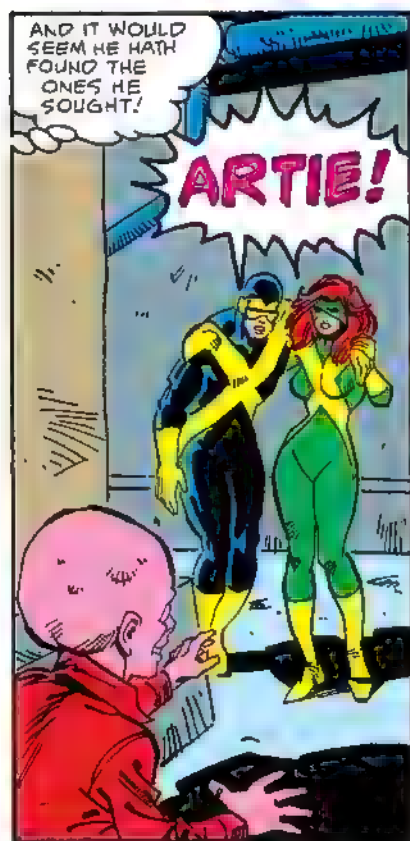
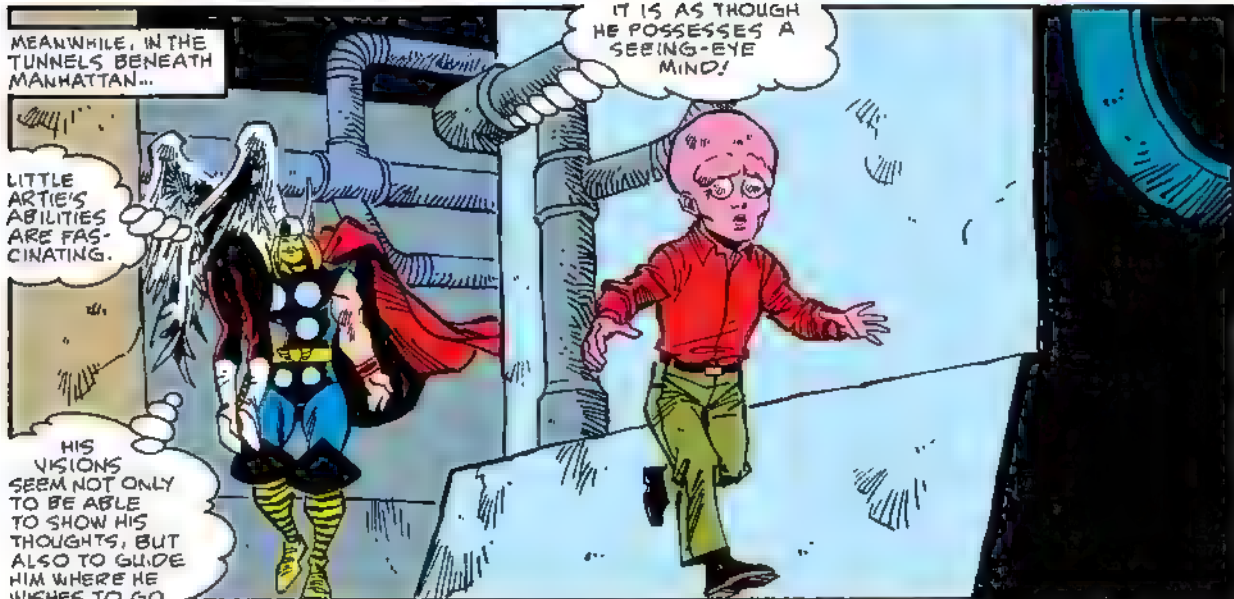
KRAKSHH!!

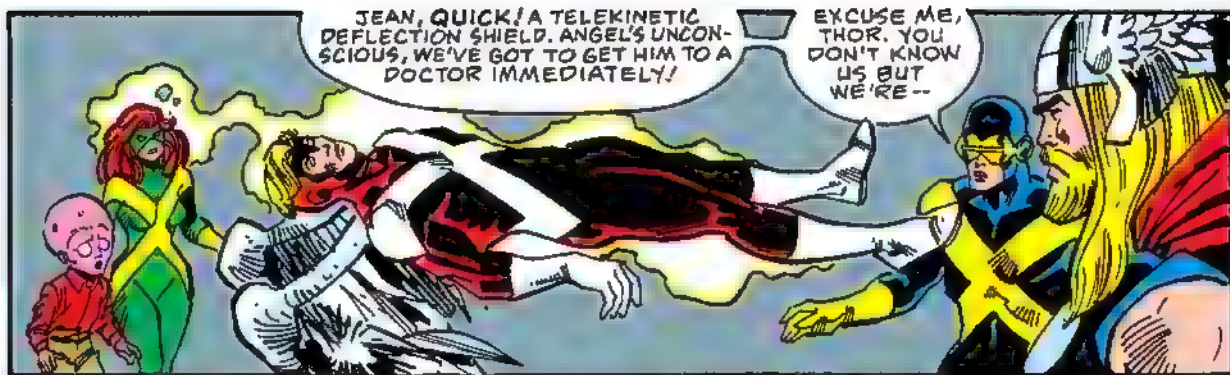
YOUR
TIME, BLOCK-
BUSTER, HAS
RUN OUT!

MAY HELA, GODDESS
OF DEATH, DEAL WITH
YOU AS YOU
DESERVE,
ASSASSIN!









JEAN, QUICK! A TELEKINETIC DEFLECTION SHIELD. ANGEL'S UNCONSCIOUS, WE'VE GOT TO GET HIM TO A DOCTOR IMMEDIATELY!

EXCUSE ME, THOR. YOU DON'T KNOW US BUT WE'RE--

BUT I DO KNOW YOU. NOW.

WERE NOT THE THREE OF YOU MEMBERS OF THE ORIGINAL X-MEN SOME YEARS AGO WHEN THE AVENGERS FACED LUCIFER*?

THE UNIFORMS ARE NEW, BUT I RECOGNIZE THE NAMES, CYCLOPS, ANGEL, NO WONDER THE NAME SEEMED TO FIT HIM.

UMM... THAT'S RIGHT.

HOW IS PROFESSOR XAVIER?

UH, FINE, I THINK. BUT WE'RE... SORT OF X-MEN GRADUATES NOW, I GUESS YOU COULD SAY.

ARGH!

I SLEW ONE OF THE MARAUDERS, BUT NOT BEFORE HE HAD BROKEN MY ARM.

SUFFICE IT TO SAY THAT THE BONES ARE GRINDING TOGETHER.

THOR?

* AS SEEN IN AN X-MEN ISSUE FROM THE dawn of time!--RM

THEN WE'D BETTER APPLY A LITTLE FIRST AID FAST.



THIS ISN'T GOING TO BE NEAT BUT IT'LL DO THE JOB FOR NOW.



JEAN, TEAR OFF A STRIP FROM THOR'S CAPE.

THIS SHOULD HOLD
YOUR ARM SECURELY
TILL YOU CAN HAVE
IT LOOKED AFTER,
THOR.

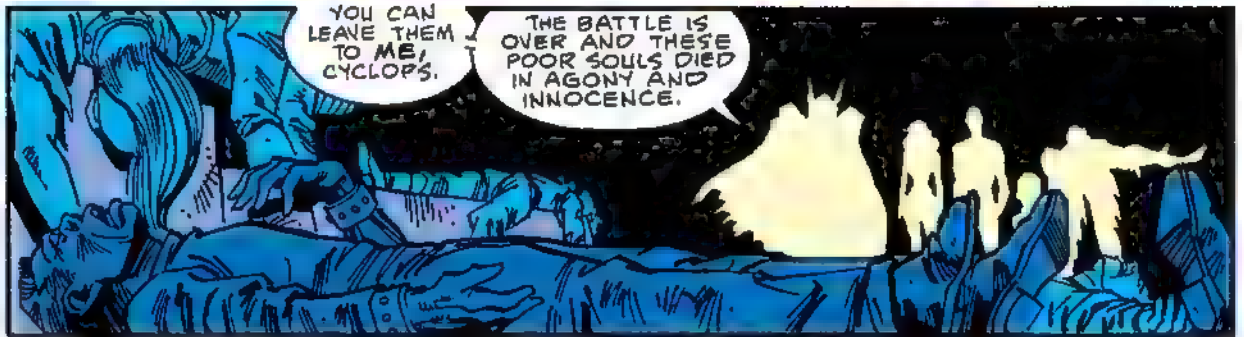
NOW WE'VE
GOT TO GET BACK,
AND FIND A
DOCTOR FOR
ANGEL.

BUT WHAT
ABOUT THE DEAD?
WE CAN'T JUST
LEAVE THEM
HERE.



YOU CAN
LEAVE THEM
TO ME,
CYCLOPS.

THE BATTLE IS
OVER AND THESE
POOR SOULS DIED
IN AGONY AND
INNOCENCE.



I WILL GIVE
THEM A VIKING'S
FUNERAL.

UH, LISTEN, THOR.
WHEN YOU GET UP-
STAIRS, YOU'RE
GOING TO HEAR
SOME THINGS ABOUT
US THAT AREN'T
TRUE.

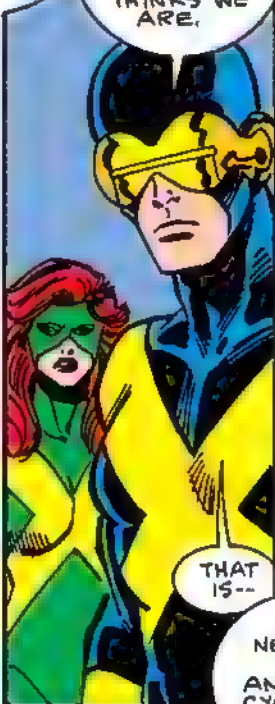
WHAT I
MEAN IS...
WE'RE NOT
EXACTLY
WHAT
EVERYONE
THINKS WE
ARE.

I LEARNED A LONG
TIME AGO NOT TO
JUDGE A BOOK BY
ITS COVER...OR A
MAN BY WHAT THE
NEWSPAPERS SAY
ABOUT HIM.

WE
APPRECIATE
THAT, THOR.
MORE THAN YOU
CAN KNOW. YOU'D
BETTER SEE A
DOCTOR ABOUT
THAT ARM AS
SOON AS YOU
CAN.

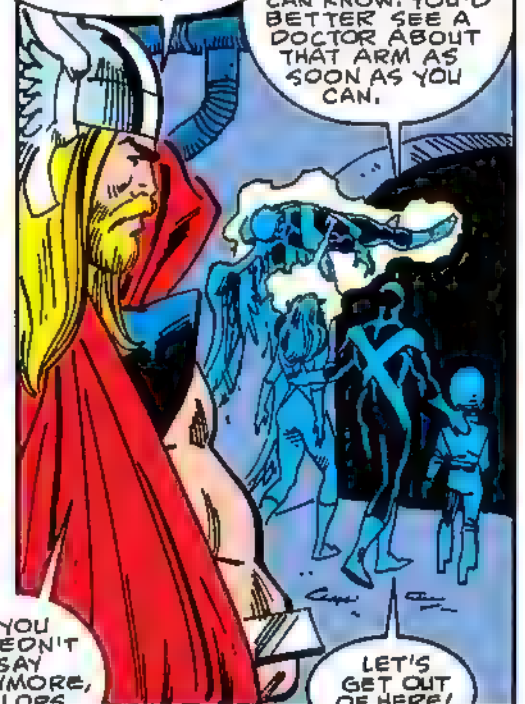


YOU
HAD BEST
LEAVE THE
TUNNELS.
DO NOT
TARRY.



THAT
IS--

YOU
NEEDN'T
SAY
ANYMORE,
CYCLOPS.



LET'S
GET OUT
OF HERE!

AND SHORTLY...

I HAVE COVERED
THE LENGTH
AND BREADTH OF
THE CATACOMBS
BENEATH THE CITY.

THE BATTLE
IS OVER AND
THESE POOR
CREATURES ARE
THE LOSERS.

SAVE MYSELF,
NOT A SOUL
REMAINS ALIVE IN
THIS DESOLATE
PLACE.

NO ONE IS
LEFT TO
MOURN THE
DEAD OR
BURY THEM.

AND SHOULD
THEY BE LEFT
UNTouched, THEY
MIGHT WELL BECOME
A HEALTH HAZARD TO
THE LIVING ABOVE.

BY NOW, CYCLOPS
AND THE OTHERS SHOULD
HAVE REACHED SAFETY,
BACK AMONG THE
LIVING.

BUT FOR
THOSE WHO
DIED IN THIS FOUL
PLACE, THE GOD OF
THUNDER WILL SOUND
THE DEATH KNELL.

SO MANY
SLAIN, A
KINGDOM
OF DEATH
IN MINIA-
TURE.

HELA
MUST BE
ENJOYING
THIS.

EVEN NOW, NO
DOUBT, SHE SITS
ON HER DARK
THRONE AND
REVELS IN THE
TRAGEDY.

WHAT--?!

I AM NOT
A BELIEVER
IN THE
TRAGEDY OF
DEATH,
THOR...

...NOR
DO I TAKE
DELIGHT
IN ITS
CRUELTY.

I MERELY
APPRECIATE
ITS NECES-
SITY.

SKALM!

LIAR!

WELL, PERHAPS I DO ENJOY IT A LITTLE.

THE CRAFTSMAN TAKES A CERTAIN PRIDE IN THE SKILL OF HIS HANDS, DOES HE NOT?



BUT FAR MORE WILL I ENJOY WHAT IS ABOUT TO HAPPEN TO YOU.

IN FACT, I HAVE JOURNEYED ALL THIS WEARY WAY FROM HEL TO SHARE THE KNOWLEDGE WITH YOU.

FOR I AM GOING TO TEACH THE MIGHTY THOR WHO HAS NEVER KNOWN FEAR BEFORE TO BE AFRAID!



DO YOU REMEMBER THE WEAKNESS YOU FELT AS YOU LEFT ASGARD TO RETURN TO EARTH*?

'TWAS THE KISS OF HELA'S GIFT, THOR, THE GIFT YOU FEEL NOW.

**At the beginning of 1st issue--RM*

FROM THIS DAY FORTH, THE MIGHTY THOR, WARRIOR OF ASGARD, WILL FEAR TO ENTER COMBAT.

FOR HIS BONES ARE NOW AS BRITTLE AS THOSE OF AN OLD WOMAN AND WHEN THEY BREAK, THEY WILL NOT HEAL!



NOR WILL YOU FIND RESPIRE IN THE ARMS OF DEATH, FOR I HAVE CAST YOU OUT!

AND THE ABSENCE OF DEATH IS ETERNAL LIFE!

THE GOD OF THUNDER WILL LIVE FOR-
EVER!

UNTIL HIS EVERY WAKING DESIRE SHALL BE TO DIE!

YOU WILL SCREAM OUT HELA'S NAME IN AGONY! YOU SHALL LONG FOR DEATH!



AND PERHAPS SOMEDAY, IF IT PLEASES ME, I MAY RELEASE YOU!

BUT IT MAY NEVER PLEASE ME!

THUS AM I REVENGED FOR MY HUMILIATION AT YOUR HANDS IN HEL, THUNDERER*!

**THORs 360/362--RM*

HA! HA! HA! HA! HA!

HA!

HA!

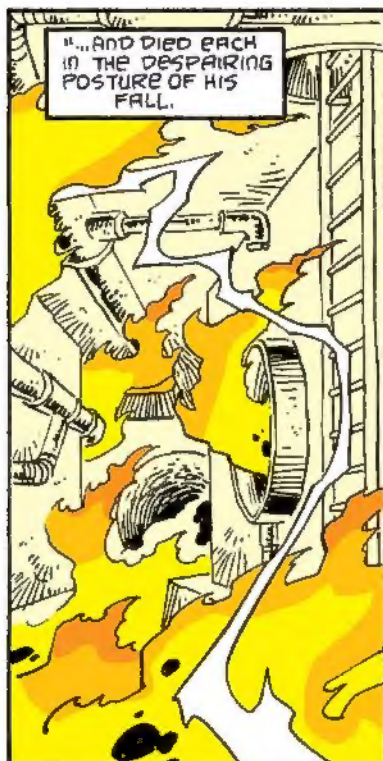
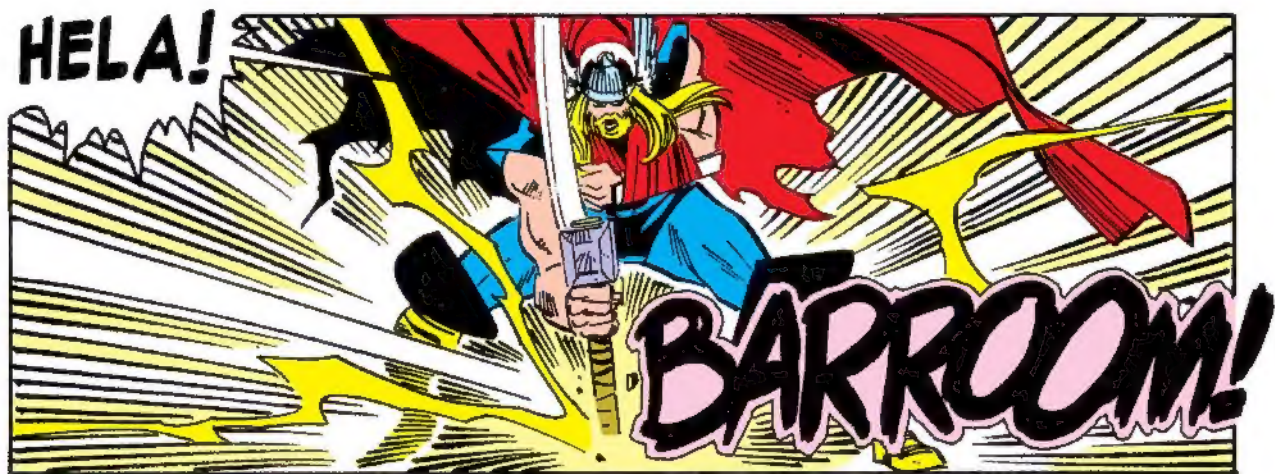
HA!

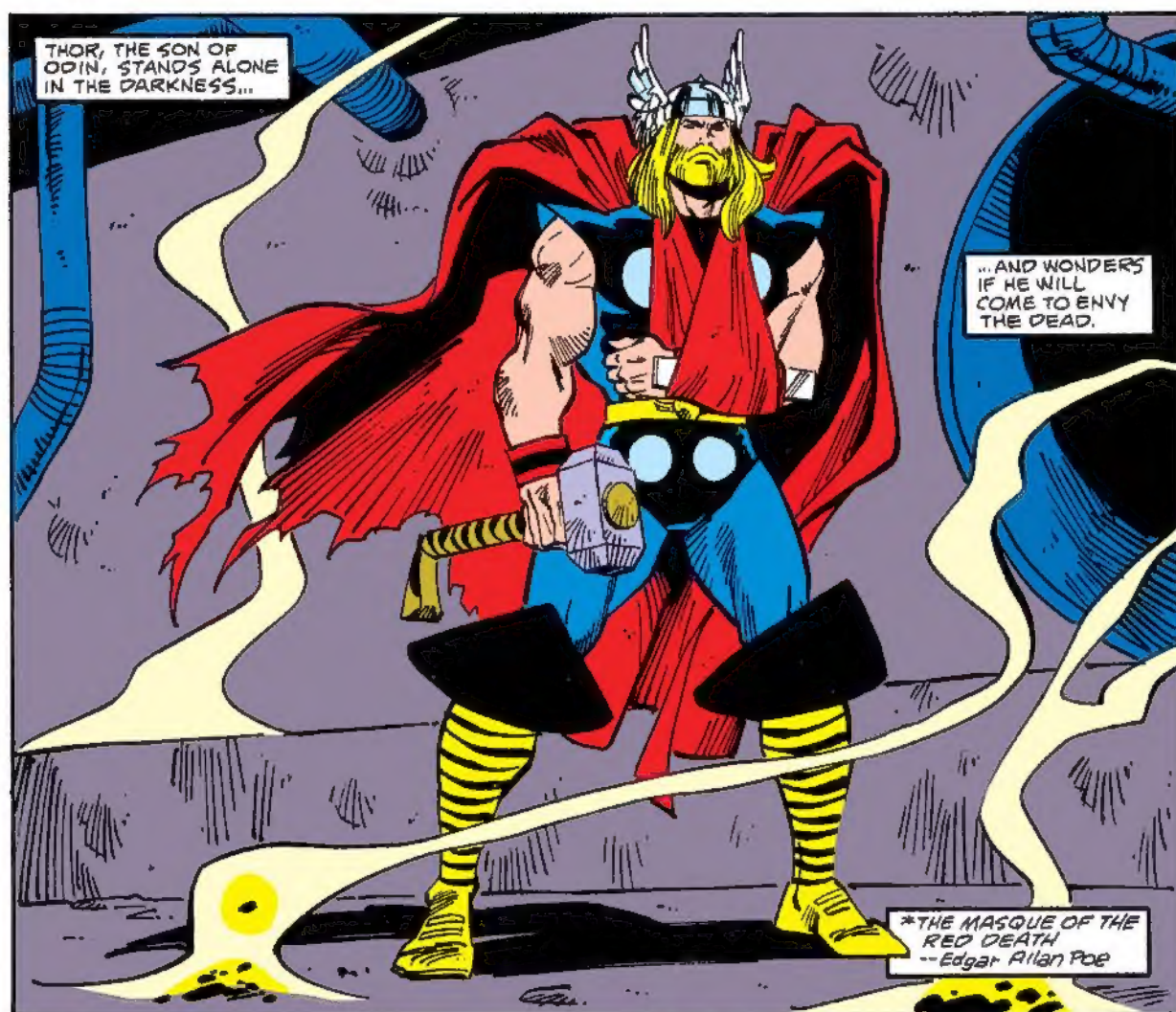
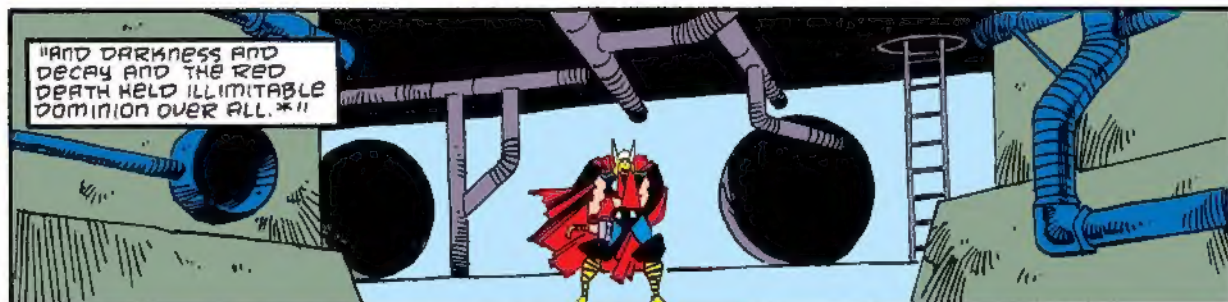
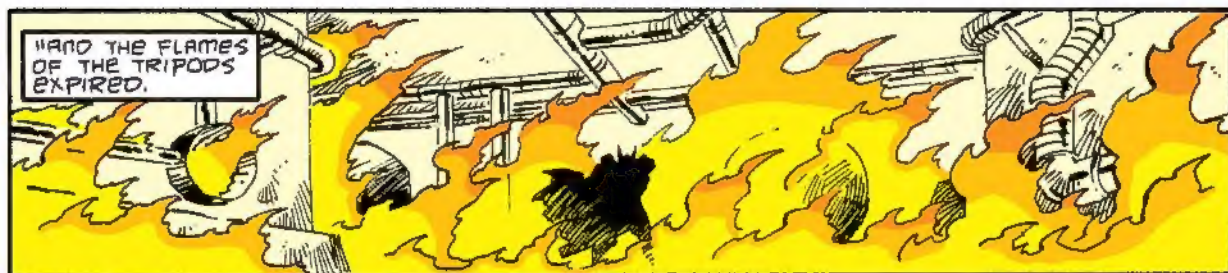
HA!

HA!

HA!

KATHAWW!





NEXT! DISCONNECT THEM DRY BONES!
AN ABSORBING TALE OF EXO-SKELETAL DISSERTATIONS, EPHEMERAL VILLAINS, AND A GOOD RIBBING FOR THOR! ALONG WITH THE REAPPEARANCE OF ONE OF THOR'S MOST DANGEROUS FOES! DON'T SAY WE DIDN'T WARN YOU!